IS THIS INVENTIVE MIND?

THE COLORS OF ANIMALS. Their Meaning and Use, Especially Considered in the case of Insects, By Edward Eagnell Poulton, M. A., F. R. S. Illus-trated. 12mo, pp. xiii, 360. D. Appleton & Co. This is a highly interesting volume of the International Scientific Series. Mr. Poulton is a thoroughgoing Darwinian, and part of his book is occupied with a defence of Darwin's views on the subject of Sexual Selection, as controverted by A. R. Wallace. His chief object, however, has been to demonstrate the utility of color and markings in animals, and he has labored to show that in many cases Natural Selection has sufficed to account for the results achieved: while in fewer instances the dominant influence has been that of Sexual Selection, and in a still smaller group of examples the changes are attributable to Isolation or Correlation of Growth. As Mr. Poul-ton says in his preface: "The vast majority of the examples are taken from insects, and indeed almost invariably from a single order, the Lepidoptera. The examples are, however, employed merely to illustrate principles which are of wide application." He arranges his plan of treatment under the following heads: Nonsignificant Colors: Significant Colors, which includes Colors of Direct Physiological Value; Protective and Aggressive Resemblance: Protective and Aggressive Warning Colors: Colors displayed in Courtship. The examples given are, as above intimated, mostly from the Lepidoptera; but many striking illustrations are also drawn from fishes, mammals, birds and reptiles.

The demonstration of the meaning of color and marking is inevitably less difficult than the proof that Natural Selection is accountable for the conditions which exist. As Mr. Poulton shrewdly observes, it is only possible to establish this by an extended and complex argument; and even when all the available evidence has been introduced, there remain serious difficulties. One of the stumbling-blocks in the way of the Evolutionary hypothesis is the tendency of too many of its supporters to attribute to the principle of Natural Selection a kind of personality: in short, to anthropomorphize that principle. In the same line of loose thinking is the disposition to ascribe to the conscious volition of the animals concerned the genesis, progress or completion of those modifications which adapt them more perfectly to their environment. It might thus be concluded that some writers held to the theory that the willforce of the animals themselves produced the changes in color, marking, etc., which tend to protect them from their enemies or assist them in the capture of their prey. It is, indeed, not surprising that some confusion should have arisen over this point, inasmuch as the nature of the processes themselves is as yet extremely obscure and ill-understood. Mr. Poulton gives an illustration which really fails to meet any of the greater difficulties of the subject. He supposes a number of slow dogs and slow rabbits introduced to a desert islands, and then imagines the development of speed and cunning which Natural Selection bring about in such a case. But here all that is required is the improvement and perfection of organs and functions already possessed in a more or less rudimentary state; whereas in the case of protective resemblances and protective and aggressive mimiery, what has to be accounted for is the genesis of entirely new functions, colors and markings, and the co-ordination of these new productions in a definite plan faithfully imitating, or imitating with sufficient fidelity, the forms, colors and markings of alen species or families.

It is, for example, easy enough to perceive that in the struggle for existence among butterflies those among the palatable species which could make themselves resemble the unpalatable species would gain great advantages by such a modification. But even if it be assumed that the paintable butterflies were capable of realizing this truth, we are no nearer an understanding of the processes by which the change was actually brought There is here a gap in the Darwinian argument which seems to suggest the need of a physiological bridge. The facts and the inferences connected with the present state of protective and aggressive colors and markings must be accepted for the most part, and even in the case of Sexual Selection the Darwinian evidence seems stronger than that on Mr. Wallace's side of the controversy. But when these explanations of the present condition of things have been admitted, the case is not closed, the problem is not ad and the more wonderful the adaptations harder it is and must be to account for them on purely physiological principles. Take, for example, the case of one of those spiders which imitate the excrement of birds so exactly that it is almost impossible for the human eye to detect Or take a caterpillar, which fixes itself upon a branch in such a way as to resemble a twig: or one of those insects of the mantis family, which is a fac-simile either of a leaf or a leaf-stalk or a withered twig. How did the impulse which has finally produced these metamorphoses originate? What is the extent of the change from the primitive form? long has it taken to produce that change? How has the modifying impulse been made so persistent through innumerable generations that, once given, it has never ceased to operate, and apparently with the same force? In the case of mon, we know that while heredity may improve the stock, fortuitous circumstances constantly neutralize the improving agencies, and often produce atavism seems to obtain in the animal kingdom? These and similar questions must occur to all readers of Mr. Poulton's book who are not irrevocably

committed to the hypothesis he upholds. Of the facts which he brings forward nothing med be said save that they are full of interest and undoubtedly true. Nothing in the e-onomy of Nature is more curious and fascinating that the means of protection and aggression so care fully bestowed upon the least and frailest of living things. No eraft or subtlety or skill is to great to be lavished upon the methods of perpetuating a moth or a butterfly, a spider or grub, a shrimp or a crab, a frog or a lizard Nay, the systems of defence and aggression, sometimes combined in the same animal or insect, are often far more complicated and elaborate in the small than in the larger creatures. Down in the ocean depths there are little fishes so weak that they cannot go hunting in the usual way; but they are provided with something like electric lights, which, fixed on the end of long tentacles, dangle before their mouths, and so attract other and smaller fishes into their "gently smiling Who now will sketch for us the gengsis of these submarine lamps -will plausibly show just how the first one came to be lighted? It i perfectly true that it is only the first step that costs, but the finding of the "pon sto" has often proved so difficult as to become the despair of e most ingenious theorizers. It is not analerous with such a case as that of the eye of the Taice, for instance; one can see how that eve might have been gradually working round from the lower to the upper side for centuries or milchange was complete. But lenniums, until the the change from non-luminosity to luminosity in fishes must, "en hypothese," have been sudden. One day, that is to say, we are to suppose that all fishes were non-luminous. The next day some fishes were, or at least one fish was, luminous Between this and the Creationist theory there is surely more distinction than difference.

No difference of opinion as to the origin of the colors and markings and adaptations of various kinds which serve so many practical purposes can, however, lessen the interest which attaches to Mr. Poulton's book. The indications of what can only be rendered intelligible by cailing it Inventive Mind are here too abundant to be overlooked, and whether this Inventive Mind is supposed to be external or internal; whether the theory held concerning it requires belief in Animal Intelligence or in automatic natural forces indistinguishable their functioning from the processes known to man as mental;-the conclusions which the facts lead up to cannot differ greatly in the ul-

more probable does it appear that the hypothesis which restricts the possession of intelligence to the human race is a superstition, founded in human vanity and unsupported by science.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

THE MAN WHO KNOWS INDIA.

PLAIN TALES FROM THE HILLS. By Rudyard Elping. 12mo. Cloth. Macmillan & Co.

THE COURTING OF DINAH SHADD, AND OTHER STOKIES. By Rudyard Kipling. With a Biographical and Critical Shetch by Andrew Lang. 12mo. pp. 182. Harper & Brothers.

The record of Anglo-Indian literature is long.

and, in the graver departments, weighty. Anglo-Indian romance has, however, little to show for itself. The lighter class of writings has been mainly narrative, and many fresh and delightful volumes of observation and adventure have issued from the Indian presses. Adventure and sport-such books as those of Meadows Taylor and the "Old Thikarry"-were for a long time favorites with such Anglo-Indians as were sufficiently detached from the engrossing cares of administration to take any interest in light literature. Of original observation on the life of modern India there was virtually nothing until some twenty years ago, and the reasons for this silence were plain. The official class were too busy to write the military class either too basy or too idle. Yet how rich a field lay fallow all those years was shown when, here and there, a few keeneyed men began to take notes. Such books as The Tribes on My Frontier," and Phil Robinson's "Under the Sun," made it evident that a recognized Anglo-Indian humor, indigenous, quain and piquant, was being developed; and readers with disciplined literary palates thankfully received these fragmentary works, and forthwith longed for more. Books like Frere's "Old Decean Days," charming as that is, were after all only renderings of native folk-tales and legends into conventional literary English. The new departure seemed to promise something more interesting and

When Rudyard Kipling's short stories, conveyed from Indian newspapers and magazines, were introduced to a larger and distant public, it became instantly apparent that a new and altogether original writer had appeared. For the first time appeared a man, born and largely reared in India, who combined the Western sympathies with the Eastern; who knew how the masses of India thought and felt and spoke and acted; who had made careful studies of the official life and the military life; who was equally at home in Simla and on the plains, at the regimental mess and in the barrack of the rank and file; who had comprehended not only Anglo-Indian society, but to a considerable extent Indian society, and who was well equipped for the task he had undertaken, with a style which matched his subjects in originality and piquancy. Once more the macnificent opulence of the new field of romance began to be demonstrated, though it was equally plain that, like the treasures of the Arabian Nights stories, these riches were only at the disposal of the fortunate possessor of the magic ring or lamp. In the genius of the young man whose prod-igal and ingenious fancies have already thickly peapled so many previously unexplored regions, the elements seemed to be so kindly mixed that romance, poetry and hamor were proportioned in nearly equal parts. No one had with greater force and picturesqueness sketched the shadowed side of Anglo-American life; no one before him had so much as attempted to deal with the difficult, obseurs and certainly unjustly neglected life of poor "Tommy Atkins"—the private soldier upon whose valor and loyalty the Empire of India primarily

When Rudyard Kipling put upon the stage his three guardsmen, Midvaney, Ortheris and Learnyd, the effect was somewhat startling upote sensitive nerves, for the new tale-writer dreahis subjects in uncompromising black and white His aim was to represent "Tommy Atkins" in his proved so very rough, crude, blunt, and in many ways unsavory a person, that there were some sundry susceptible tastes resented the possing of such numannerly and malodorous knaves between the wind and their nobility. For all thes we shall make bold to express the decided opinion that Rudyard Kipling's soldier stories are not masterly creations, regarded abstractly, but that they afford the most suthful and complete studies of the British soldier in India that have ever been made. The art of the writer is strongly elements of the Indian Army for representation: the Irish (Mulvaney), the provincial English (Learoyd, and the Cockney (Ortheris). These three elements fairly stand for the bulk of the Enclish army. Mr. Kipling might indeed have found some more pronounced-and less respectable-types of the metropolitan contingent, but his selections were judicious and sufficient. As to his knowledge of the real "Tommy Atkins," as modified by the climate, peculiar habits and purely military experience of India, it is really

It is to be noted at the outset that there is in the delineation of these soldier-characters a certain hardness and fierceness, a certain almost conventional indifference to the taking of human life, the like of which is rerely to be found in fletion. These traits, however, are among the strongest evidences of the author's skill and knowledge. For the soldier in India develops just these traits under the irritations of a hostile en-vironment. He learns very quickly that the sent: ment of the native population concerning him is compounded of fear and hetred. Wheaever he is on active service he encounters enemies in whose military and moral codes the blackest treacher is laudable, and the most pitiless cruelty a matter of coarse to the hour of victory. Our own boys in blue, campaigning against the Apoches, felt much the same as do the Anglo-Indian soldiers toward the savage treatier tribes against whom they are led. "Tommy Atkins" at home and Tommy Atkins" in India are two very different near. Not only the meture of the service in the Orient, but the entire charge of habits which is necessitated by the chimate; the far greater amount of leisure; the relief from menial dutieby the employment of native servants; the greater insecurity of life even when in garrison, due to the prevalence of epidemic diseases, the practical confinement of the soldier to the circle of his own omrades; all these things tend to modify the character of the men, and to make them just what Mr. Kipling represents them in his remarkable The kind of soldier here described is only seen in Europe after long wars, and perhaps i would be necessary to go back to the Continental fighting-man of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to find a close parallel. In reckless daring, love of plunder, fondness for mischief of all kinds, and loyal comradeship, the three musketeers of India may almost be compared with Dumas's famous quartette; but they are essen tially modern in many of their characteristics, and their local color and atmosphere mark them out as distinctively Anglo-Indian. These soldier stories are undoubtedly the most thoroughly original of all Mr. Kipling's creations, and Mulvaney, Ortheris and Learoyd will live far beyond the hour. But the new writer has many veins, and all of them are attractive and fresh. The broad general view of Anglo-Indian life indicated in his sketches of society, official and military, is curiously like that the verse of Sir Alfred Lyall outlines. The novelist lightens the tone of melancholy which exile in the far East engenders with a racy humor, tending to good-tempered cynicism. He is distinctly irreverent in the presence of the Imperial Government. He chaffs even so sacred a creature as the Viceroy, and pokes fun at the dignified commissioners and secretaries without

as in the manner of them.

Mr Kipling's style is the very opposite of what ning from the processes known ral;—the conclusions which the cannot differ greatly in the ulOnly it may be said that the condensation interferes in no way with lucidity

Agree to sheak in the plural concerning Beniamin's ontics, as you know,—until his ever rested upon the baseball column, and he scanned the scores with as much interest as the most devoted 'crank' who causes the bleacheries to tremble by his uproar and excitement when his favorite makes a home run. has been called "newspaper English." It is com-

mercy. The sting of his satire, however, con-

sists not so much in the matter of his remarks

more animal and insect life is investigated the of expression, but it gives a striking virility to the style. Mr. Kipling never employs padding. In some of his short stories there is as much material as a more diffuse writer would need wherewith to construct a three-volume govel; but the more he has to say the harder does he labor to put it in a little space. The result is that the situations stend clearly out; that the dialogue is crisp and bright; and that the whole story acquires a solidity and sharpness of relief which

enhance its verisimilitude greatly. Whether Rudyard Kipling would succeed in novel writing is a question only to be determined by actual experiment. The tradition that eminent success in writing short stories seldom accompanies the capacity for long ones is not a safe one. No better short-story writer than Balzac, for example, ever lived; and who has written as good romances as he? With the genius already shown by Mr. Kipling everything is possible. A spirit of observation so keen and active at his early age, and a style so admirably fitted as the vehicle of his thought and imagination, should earry him far; and with the help of that energy he has manifested in the fecundity of his production, there is no rank short of master in the art of fiction to which he may not hopefully aspire

STORIES FROM MONTANA.

INCIDENTS OF WESTERN LIFE.

Helena, Aug. 25.-It goes without saying that one of the perplexing questions of the day here that of dome-tic service. But a few of dome-tic service. But a few the cook took her seat at the employee, and with charming impartiality itertained her friends or those of the mistress of the A hint that the music was not desired would house. A hint that the musle was not used. Our probably have resulted in her leaving the house. Our ook does not do that (fortunately my wife has no piano), but she has so much company in her part of the house that we in the front room can scarcely she joins in the laugh around the table, as she piles backward and forward with the dishes, and puts in her oar in the conversation. When one lively young woman presided in our kitchen, we had to remember "honest Diggory's" warning against telling stories too amusing to be heard by the one whom we did not wish to hear laugh louder than the company at the table one day nothing came in from the kitchen, and when my wife went to see what had happened, the cook in the dinner. One left in disgust, because, as she confided to my wife, "the boys," as she was pleased to call my fifty-five year-old brother and a friend of an absence of a week or two. Our cooks, both whit and colored, are married off so fast that we have to look out for a successor very often. We quite envied a neighbor who had found a cook so old and hopelessly ill-favored that we thought no one in his senses could think of matrimony in connection with her. But one day this grayest of gray geese came out of her hitchen all of a flutter, as the neighbor confided to his wise. "A man had brought a jetter of his troduction," the old soul simpered, "and he wants to marry me." "You won't be such a blockhead as to marry him?" the young mistress asked. "Why, ma'am," was the reply, almost pathetic in its artlessness, "It may be the last chance." But the old gull's brother got wind of it next day, and broke up had either to come to her soder senses or else look out for another place. She decided that a good home

out for another place. She decided that a good home was not to be given up, and made as effort to settle down, in appearance at least. It must indeed have been the last chance, as her prophetic soul had told fler, for she is still a spinster.

My wile heard a story on this subject while on a visit to Fort Niebrara. The communicant at the fort had such difficulty with his colored cooks, his hitchest being filled to overflowing with admiring swams from the "Buffel" regiments sind an name for the colored temps, from the carl in their hard, that he determined to get a winter woman for the older. He looked out for one who would not be had; to get married. He surrected the sourcing the services of a perfect stary as marryon: "Not in the level. But who is the cappy Laty!" the commandant asked, "Your cook." My cook!" Tableau!

One day last winter a notorious vigilante died. He was X. Bredler, known in the old days when it was the instem to give a simbrighed to every one as "X.". This custom to give a sometiment to every one as X. This ham been not handed. The funeral excited a good deal of attention, and was held in the Helena Opera House, that all curious in such things taiged attend. Colonel Saunders, Montaina's a presentative in the United States Senete, himself the prosecuting afterney among the one revelation, or at least some reminiscence, ence together. It is said that the old vigilantes do not like to table of the old days, in which they took o active a hand in affairs. It is scarcely known who

names, 3.777, but the hargans and not stop to adjust into mee particulars like that, but let for more civil zed and salubrious clines. Oldriners tell of prices that astendsh modern cars one of them told me that he gave twenty hye cent-

Twenty years ago an Englishman brought a south wide to a noner's camp acr is the main range of the Rocky Mountains and offy miles from Helena. Thes lived all the exteen imported to the bonds. The Edin bursh woman accommonated herself to the bonds life for the same of this bashard whom she adored. During all the Liventy Year's she left the camp but twice both times for a short visit to Helena. The many mouths at a time she did not see the face of coother woman, by and by the vehit was worked out and the other miners her, but still this comple lived on facer. Their heads were growing white with the show of many winters, and they at last decided that they had enough native to her a home in elvidration, wherein they might hope for case in their elvidration, wherein they might hope for ease in their elvidration, wherein mountain rangh was sold for \$25.000, and the instand came to Helena to make the found attrangements for moving. When he returned he showed to his dear old wife the gift that he had bought to deek her in on her reap peranner in the world. It was a surprise that he had prepared. He opened cases of lovely jewels, diamonds and other co-tily gives, puts and brooks for hand or on the reap over the show in midwhiter and he was dead in a world. The wife was even bours alone in the cabin with her dwalf which her dwalf was even bours alone in the cabin with her dwalf before help came. The most beloved and shifted physician in Helena whom she had sent for when she became alarmed about her husband went to her assistance at the risk of his own life. He found her in a pitable omition, she had sent for when she before and an assistant to extricate them. One the wagon was overturned. Before she left the little cabin the widow legged that a friendly band might end the life of the faithful dog that had shared the lones the mall rider, who have free heads an lanking word or received a blow in her life, she said, "I should not she her to full lint outsind hands." In a few minutes the mall rider, who have feel and loved her, went out and when he returned, said scotch wife to a namer's camp acres the main range of the Rocky Mountains, and offy miles from Helena.

GENERAL BUTLER'S CIGAR AND PAPER.

A prominent public man who was one of the thousands of visitors in Boston during "Grand Army week," has written the following of General Butler in a letter to a

car when 'Ben' Butler, the old veteran, entered the car and lazily threw himself in the sent just in front of me. Of course there was no difficulty in recognizing his individhis assisting to the properties of should say it was what is been ideally termed a 'three-for,' and proceeded to do with it inst as a small boy would a slick of licenics. Without ghting it, he would fondle it, inspect it, their bite at it a tenderly as only the old war-horse could do. When the conductor appeared he gave a pleasant nod to 'Benny,' and ry to speak in the plural concerning Benjamin's ontic

THAT CAROLINY GAL.

MRS. WINSLOW OFFERS A FEW PORTERS. Ransom, Sept. 2 .- A quiver of rage went over Mrs. Winslow's big body when she heard Dally's

confession. "I was sure on't!" she cried out, and it seemed as if she were going to reach forth a hand and clutch the child.

In an interval of absolute silence which followed there was heard a scratching at the door, accompanied by a whine. Then the door was opened by an invisible hand, supposed to belong to Marietta, and Dally's hound puppy came creeping deprecatingly in and crouched close to the feet of his mistress. It was a notable fact that all dogs, young or old, wore an air of deprecation when in the presence of Mrs. Winslow They were apparently begging her to overlook the unfortunate fact that they were alive in the same world with her.

Mrs. Jacobs, with her arms about Dally, was gazing at her hostess, and saying to herself that that pesky woman was really worse than she It passed her comprehad thought she was." hension that any human being could so receive an agonized confession from a little girl.

Mrs. Lander rose. Her cool, persistent gaze covered that disagreeable, perturbed face something as the muzzle of a revolver might have covered it. Mrs. Winslow began to writhe visibly. It had been a long time since Mrs. Lander had been so angry; and when this lady was angry somebody usually suffered.

The widder Bijah glanced at her and felt her spirits rise perceptibly.
"I guess she'll fix her," she thought, "'n' I

don't care how much she fixes her. The more the better.

But Providence had arranged that the fixing of Mrs. Winslow, in this instance, should not be entirely effected by Mrs. Lander, although she be-

gan the process. "Is there a revival meeting at Mr. Alden's Church to-night?" inquired Mrs. Lander with apparent irrelevance. Her voice was so clear, and her utterance so distinct that Mrs. Winslow some how felt a great deal worse. She continued to writhe and to wish impotently that she had made believe forgive Daily immediately. The very fact that she could not guess what was going to be said next added to her unhappiness.

"I will go down to the prayer meeting," said Mrs. Lander, with every appearance of a culm statement of intentions, "and I will make a prayer in which I will tell God, before the people, how ernelly un-Christian you have been in not pardoning a poor child who has confessed her fault to you. And you just told me that your being in the cellar was nothing. I shall pray to God, before the people, to give you a better heart. I shall see that God, and the people, understand the case fully. And I shall do it this evening. Before Mrs. Lander had finished speaking Dally had ceased sobbing, and her attitude, though her face was hidden, showed that she was listening intently. Here was some one who could do what she pleased. The girl almost gasped with the intensity of the emotions she had undergone, and with the admiration just added to them
"Lowizy!" exclaimed the widow under her

breath, in a mixture of horror and gratitude. Mrs. Lender's name was Louisa, and sometime

in moments of excitement. Mrs. Jacobs permitted herself to pronounce the name by which the lady had been called in early youth, when she had lived in Ransom, before she married the rich New-York man. Lowizy turned smillingly toward her friend.

"Surely, Mrs. Jacobs," she said, "you do not object to my praying for a wicked woman."

Mrs Winslow, one of the prominent members of the Rev. Mr. Alden's flock, a rervent pleader with the Lord in times of revival, we shuddled in her chair, a prey to more and stronger disagreeable feelings than she had known for a great many years.

It was very hard to face the conviction that Mrs. Lander would do just what she said; and that she would do it Mrs. Winslow was convinced. But this woman was not callowed with eyes like a pig without having a pig's obstimacy. She held back from giving to wirds torgiveness to Dally. She sat silent and looked sullenly at the group before her.

her hand on Dally's shoulder, which pressed against Mrs. Leobs. "tome," she said, "let us go ". As they all turned toward the door, impetious featsteps softened

sounded in the kitchen, and immediately the figure of a full boy appeared. Marietta was in the year background, and had the appearance of clinging Is it too much to hope that the reader may have

remembered that these chronicles have mentioned that Bill Winslow meant to have given that pupps to Dally, but that it was Mr. Winslow wh etually did so?

This youth had been visiting his grandfathe over in "Smapit," a certain part of Ransom, daring the vacation, and had thus been kept more out of sight than a masculine person of his height and years is eventeen and a half-ought to be. He returned at this moment, almost as opportunely as if this had been a novel and he the

Marietta must have given him a hasty and highly colored shetch of what was going on In the parlot, for she had not been many feet away from the unlatched door all the time, and she now stood storing, oblivious that there was a

great deal of suds on the front of her large "tire,

which suds she would eventually have to answe oung people is not remarkable for respect and veneration toward their elders. And perhaps she that was a Jones had no reason to expeceither respect or veneration from her own son Certainly she did not receive it, and this youth was the only person in the world who tyrannized over this woman. Since the time of his birth Bill Winslow had ruled his mother. If he did not always rule her with a rod of iron it was from no wisdom on her port, but from some

leaven of humanity in the boy.

He was a big fellow of his ace; be had his father's face, with a hint of more refinement anindividuality of courage in it. Peter had been lowed for too many years not to have lost some thing, both in appearance and character.

Bill stood a moment in the doorway, while hi swift, glancing young eyes took in the scene. He snatched off his hat and flung it behind him. He noked and seemed excited.

"What kind of a row is it you are baying?" he asked in his groff, immature voice. "Mother, have you been acting like a fool?" You act like a fool half the time. You'd better forgive Dally fouble-quick. What more do you want than double-quick. that she should confess and ask your forgiveness: Come, now; hurry up, mother!

"I was shet up," whined Mrs. Winslow. "Oh, William, you don't know nothin' 'bout it."

"Yes, I do, too-Met told me. Hurry up. I say Mrs. Lander looked at the boy and smiled upon him. It was a distinct pleasure to be even looked at by Mrs. Lander, if she were not angry but if she gave you a smile in addition to the plance, the pleasure became a happiness.

Bill, receiving this favor from the lady, wondered yet more what his mother was made of that she could hold out thus. But she had capitulated. "I forgive you, Dally,

But she had capacitant tone.
she said in a reluctant tone.
"Now come along, How your dog has grown! It was the best of the lot, and that's why I wanted you to have it."

He lifted the spotted puppy in his arms and looked at Dally, who had withdrawn hefself from Mrs. Jacobs, and who was gazing at Mrs. Winslow. Her young heart was swollen with a dreadful sense of injustice and a still more dreadful feeling of hate. She thought she should die with the tenseness of her emotion. She had scarcely heard the boy's words. He repeated them, and added that he had brought a gray squirrel from Spapit

Mrs. Lander touched his arm.

"Don't talk to her," she whispered. "Do you not see she is as spent as if she had been fighting for her life? Do you think it was easy for her to ask pardon? It has almost killed her. I be-

lieve Mrs. Jacobs was wrong." While she was speaking thus; the widow led Dally toward the door. As the girl passed the

boy she held out her arms, saying: "I want my dog." And Bill gave it sliently to her. He followed her and said in a low voice,

and with a good deal of feeling: "Don't you worry, Dally. It was too bad. I'll

tend to mother. She sha'n't plague you." Something in his manner now made Dally look up at him. He was startled by what he saw in her eyes. It helped to give him more of an idea of what she had suffered, at the same time that he was conscious of their wild beauty. He recalled, with a shiver of inexplicable pain, times when he had snared free creatures and they

"Yo've ben real good ter me," said Dally. "Yo've ben real good ter me," said Dally.
She walked out of the house with Mrs. Jacobs and Mrs. Lander. William Winslow stood a moment gazing after them, his hands thrust far down in his pockets and his eyes much dilated. Then he turned into the house and gave his mother a very bad quarter of an hour.

Evidently this quarter of an hour was a needed discipline to Mrs. Winslow.

The next afternoon, while the widow and Mrs. Lander and Dally were sitting at leisure in the front room, an evelamation from Dally made the others look from the windows.

had looked at him in their suffering.

front room, an exchanation from Dany machine others look from the windows.

They saw the ample figure of Mrs. Winslow slowly approaching. The two women looked at each other, while the girl fled away.

"I guess she's goin' ter overlook it," said the widder 'Bijah.

"I guess she is," said Mrs. Lander. "I must say," she went on, "that she has a fine son. It is wonderful.

"I show he takes back somewheres," remarked

wonderfal.

"Is pose he takes back somewheres," remarked
Mrs. Jacobs. "There's a good deal more to him
than there is to his father, 'n' Peter'd ben somethin' more with a dif'runt wife. I declare, I hate
the sight of her; 'n' I d'know when Dally'll git this time Mrs. Winslow had reached the

By this time Mrs. Winslow had reached the step. She came in with tolerable self-possession. She had a basket of apples on one arm.

"I tho't I'd run over," she said, after the greetings had passed. "I knew you hadn't no porters this season, 'n' mine are uncommon fine. There ain't nothin' like am for slumps. We eat a good many slumps to our house."

may stumps to our house.

Mrs. Jacobs emptted the porters into a tin pan and thanked the giver of them. She acknowledged that for the delicacy mentioned by Mrs. Winslow, "there wa'n't nothin' to be compared

edged that for the dentacy mentacts of winslow, "there wa'n't nothin' to be compared to porters."

Mrs. Winslow talked some of the crops; she mentioned how young Wistar seemed "to be wastin' away, thout nothin' you could put yer finger on bein' the matter of him." She said "they'd ben havin' another quarrel in the orthodox choir, 'n' Jane Rand had said she'd never set in them seats agin the longest day she lived."

To this Mrs. Jacobs remarked dryly that "she wa'n't goin' to worry about that, for Jane Rand had said so a good many times before."

From the choir Mrs. Winslow touched on what she called the "revivil meetin's" in her church. She said "they had been greatly blessed so tur." The evangelist they had engaged had proved even more powerful than report had told.

She secretly wished that Mrs. Lander were not present, but that hady retained her seat and was so pleasant that Mrs. Winslow could hardly believe she had been the one who had spoken as she had done the day before. The New-York lady was like that girl who had the curl on her forehead in that when she was good, she was very, very good.

Finally the visitor rose. She looked somewhat

Finally the visitor rose. She looked somewhat embarrassed as she remarked that "she did'nt want no hard feelin's among neighbors," and she hoped that Dally hadn't run away from her.

Mrs. Jacobs said that the child "had jest gone

It became evident that Dally would have to door, with her hands behind her and her head thrown back.
Mrs. Winslow acain said that she "didn't want no hard feelin's among neighbors."
A trying silence tellowed these words, for Dally

"Mebby I was a little ha'sh yisterdy," said

the woman

Dally now booked at her.

Yes, ma ant, she said, yo' was.

Mrs. Winslow was somewhat disconcerted, and
Mrs. Licolds tegan to worry about what Dally
might say or do. She looked at her appre-

might say of 40. She book hersively
hersively
"Mebby 'twould have ben jest as well if I hadn't ben quite so ha'sh, said the visitor.
The widow, watching, saw that the girl was not going to reply, and she hastened to say that she loped theyd all let bygones be bygones, and act like Christians. It didn't look very well to harbor malice, 'n' for her part, she didn't mean to do it, nor let Dally.

Then this Mrs. Winslow departed with her might backet.

empty basket.

Mis. Jacobs rose and put her hand on Dally's shoulder.

We musto't lay up nothin' aginst her now.

We musto't lay up nothin' aginst her now.

shoulder.

"We mustu't lay up notbin' aginst her now,"
she said gently. "You know you did slet her
up: 'n' we want ter be forgiven ourselves."
Delly's eyes turned to her friend's face and bolls's eyes turned to her triend's face filed tened. The young thieves were delighted with Casey, he had repaid their service to him in kind. He was immediately and their service to him in kind.

A GENTLEMAN.

HOW CARDINAL NEWMAN DEFINED HIM.

How CARDINAL NEWMAN DEFINED HIM.

From The London Daily News.

It is almost a definition of a centleman to say that he is one woo never inflicts pain. This description is both refined, and so far as it goes accurate. He is marely occupied in menety removing the distance which binder the free and uncuntarrassed action of these about him, and he consures with their movements rather shart rates the initiative himself. His benefits may be considered as parallel to what are called comforts or one venerores in arrangements of a personal patter fine an easy chair or a good fire, which do their part in dispelling cold and fatigue, though assure provides both means of rest and animal heat without from. The true conformal in like manner exercicly avoids whatever may conse a far or a jolit in the mands of those with whom he is casefully assured to the constant of collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or closin, or resentment, his given concern being for make every one at their case and at home. He has his eyes on all his company, he is tender toward the tasking, neutres oward the distant, and mentiful toward the about. He can recollect to whom he is speaking, he courses against unreasonable allusions, or topics which may arritate, he is seld on prominent in one make every one all their case and at home. He has his eyes on all his company he is tender toward the bushful, gentle toward the distant, and merciful toward the about. He can resided to whom he is speaking; he can'ds against unseasonable adhistors, or topics which may arritate; he is seld on prominent in conversation, and never wearisons. He makes hight of favors when he does them, and seems to be treatwing when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself by a mere retort, he has be ears for dander or gastip his arapulous in imputing monives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unifair advantage, never mistakes personalities of sharp sayings for arguments, or instinuates evel which he date not say out. From a long sighted prindence, he observes the maxim of the ancest sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves toward our enemy as if he were one day to be our from a long sighted prindence, he observes the maxim of the ancest sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves toward our enemy as if he were one day to be our from a long sighted prindence, and ever one day to be our from a long sighted prindence, our philosophic principles; he submit to pain because it is investible, to be caravised the raise of the investible, to be caravised the paint of the discussed our philosophic principles; he submit to pain because it is investible, to be caravised the sage of the representation of the another of the principles of the specific of the principles; he submit to pain because it is investible, to be caravised the pool in argument, was fit is requirable, and to death because it is investible to be industrially as destiny, and have the right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear headed to be unjust; he is as simple as he is forethe, and as he is forethe, and as he is forethe, and as he is forethe and as brief as he is decisive. Nowhere shall we find their mistakes. He knows the weakness of human reason as well as its str

If he be an unbeliever, he will be too profound and latter minded to ridicule relation or to act acainst it; he is too wise to be a degmatist or fanatic in his midelity. He respects plety and devortion; he even supports list intions as venerable, beautiful or useful, to which he does not assent; he honors the ministers of religion, and it contents him to decline its mysteries without assailing or denouncing them. He is a friend of religious toleration, and that not only because his philosophy has taught him to look on all forms of faith with an impartial eye, but also from the gentleness and offenimecy of feeling which is the attendant on civilization. Not that he may not hold a religion, too, in his case his religion is one of imagination and sentiment; it is the embodiument of those ideas of the subline, majestic and beautiful without which there can be no leave philosophy. Sometimes he invests an unknown principle or qualities with the attribute of perfection. And this deduction of his reason or creation of his fancy he hadres the occasion of such excellent thoughts, and the starting point of so varied and systematic a teaching that he even seems like a disciple of Christianity itself. From the very accuracy and stradiness of his logical powers, he is able to see what sentiments are consisted in the seeds of the old a whole civile of theological truths, whele exist in his mind not otherwise than as a number of deductions.

The health of the youthful King of Spain less considerably improved since he went to St. Selastian. The life led by the Queen Rezent and her children is of the simplest. They leave the Avete Palace every morning at 10 for a rustle pavillon erected on the sea shore, where the King and his sisters spend some hours in digging trenches in the sand. A few days ago he presided at a children's fete given on the Plaza de Toros, and seemed thoroughly to enjoy the fun which raged around him. After his siesta he is driven in the cool of the evening along the shady avenues of the Avete Park, accompanied by his mother, his governess (Countess Peralia), and General Cordova, who has become his diminutive Sovereign's prime favorite and inseparable companion.

CASEY.

HOW HE WAS REHABILITATED.

Edward W. Townsend in The San Francisco Argo naut.

naut.

It is not probable that Casey knew he was well-born. If he aid, he concealed the knowledge with a clever appreciation of what discomforts the fact, if known, would impose upon him, for he was a sly dog. But it is probable that he knew nothing of his high birth, just as he thought nothing of his seeming low birth; for the question of life-mere existey—was so ever-present and tremendous with him that its continuance was of much more concern than its origin. Blood may tell, but in the case of Casey it told nothing to his credit. He was just as disreputable, home less, tagless and thievish as any of the companions less, tagless and thievish as any of the companions with whom he marauded, quarrelled and struggled for maintenance.

with whom he inarauded, quarrened and struggled for maintenance.

Casey had fallen from the high and comfortable state to which he was born through no fault for which he was responsible, but owing to the verdict passed upon him by the coachman and gardener that he was a "runt." At the time this terrible verdict had been given, Casey (then known to his aristocratic circle as "Rollo") was feeding on the milk and bread of Plenty, without other clouds in the summer sky of his young existence than such as were caused by the depressifig knowledge that every one of his brothers and sisters could thrash him with case—and did so with frequency.

It was partly this fact, observed by the coachman and gardener, and partly a whimsical mark over his eyes, which decided Casey's fate. The sentence was: Death by drowning:

The coachman was appointed executioner, and

sentence was: Death by drowning!

The coachman was appointed executioner, and, to his credit, accepted the task with regret, for Casey, though small for his four months and lacking in beauty, being scarred with much disastronic war, was as plucky as any one of the litter. The housekeeper decided against a pail of water in the barn, as the means of Casey's taking off, for, although admitted to be simple and convenient, so urged by the executioner, the story would be a sad one to relate to young Master Francis upon his return—"he must be lost!" concluded the good woman significantly: "taken to the water-front and lost."

good woman significantly; "taren to the waterfront and lost."

Casey's mother and father were recorded in
the Kennel books, by number, name, and pedigree, as the two best-bred fox-terriers in America, so there must be some pride of birth lacking
in runts, or Casey would have shrunk instinctively
when he found hinself in the company of two
young men who were engaged in concealing
stolen scrap-iron under a wharf, when disturbed
by Casey's splashing in the cold water of the
bay by their very side. His indignation at the
coachman for throwing him into such unpleasant
water may have had something—even much—to do
with his absence of all haughtiness and restraint
in the presence of low companions. After being
fished out of the bay by one of the young men,
and having his mouth held close to prevent his
yelping—which might have attrocted odice attention—Casey at once fraternized with his new
friends in a manner which showed, as before suggested, a total absence of pride of birtin.

Casey was too young to be guided by the great

Casey was too young to be guided by the great Casey was too young to be guided by the great moral truth that personal comfort—yea, safety— gained by the sacrifice of any principle, especially so sustaining a one as pride of birth, are but giddy, and unsure. Finding that his choice of conditions lay between remaining quiet and alive, or yelping disapproval of his environment and getting drowned for it, Casey curled up on a coat, wagged his tail, shivered, and—held his peace. Casey, it has been said, was young, and considered the condutions entirely outside of their ethical relations; his untaught mind accepted com-fortable existence, even at the sacrifice of prinfortable existence, even at the sacrifice of pleiple, as possessing advantages over non-existe under any circumstances—if there be circustances relating to non-existence.

The task of concealing their plunder among the sea-wall rocks, to which the thieves' boat was fastened, proceeded without interruption until one of the thieves—a pleasant-faced lad-noticed Casey shivering so that he seemed to be about to shiver himself out of the world. The boy grabbed up Casey, clambered along the rocks until he came to one side of a pier running out from the wharf, looked about cautiously, saw no officer, and then carefully tossed the dog on to 8 officer, and then carefully tossed the dog on to a bale of bags lying in the sun on the pier.

"Let der purp dry in der sun; he ain't done no harm," remarked the youth.

His kind action may have been prompted by
the pleasing reflection that in saving Casey's life
he was preventing what some one had considered
the performance of a duty.

the performance of a duty.

The work beneath the wharf again proceeded in silence, and Casey slept in comfort until he was dry, and warm, and hunery. His hunger woke him: but his first impulse to proclaim the fact loudly was repressed by recollections of recent experience. Suddenly, however, he did begin yelping dismally, persistently; so persistently that his young friend glanced cautiously up over the edge of the pier. What he saw made him snatch Casey and disappear under the wharf with a warning whistle. The some one who had made Casey yelp and his friends scurry away with their boat under the darkness of the wharf came down the pier, looked about, shook his head, and said: "Th' young divils! Ef th' pup hadn't baarked Ol'd been un to 'em."

It was a policeman, and because of his long blue coat and brass buttons Casey mistook him for the coachman returning for an obvious and awful purpose.

approach he had signalled, and fee to understand that he deserved well. The apti-tude he displayed for the training he was given showed he comprehended that his duty in life was showed he comprehended that his duty in life was to give his companions prompt warraing of any threatened interruption, and to keep an especial lookout at all times for usen in brass buttons and long olding coats. Before he was a year old, Casey was known along the water-trout, from Black Point to Mission Rock, as a more reliable lookout than any boy, and, of course, possessed the additional advantage of not being counted in when the results of a day's—or maint s—work were being divided. Yet Casey's was a hard life. He was not always even fed, and seldom sheltered, by his associates. Sometimes they disappeared for weeks associates. associates. Sometimes they disappeared for weeks at a time, when tases would steal his meds, beg them from the whart labourers at bunch time, or go hungry. His recollections of a time when he althem from the whart laborers at lunch-time, of go hungry. His recollections of a time when he always had pienty to cat and a comfortable bed, were growing dim, and might have disappeared entirely had he not been taken one day a long distance from the water-front with one of his young companions, and a man he had frequently seen but never operated with. Casey felt proud of his company; he knew instinctively that his sphere of usefulness was about to be enlarged, and grander operatunities afforded him for the display of those tidents for which he was justly renowned. After a deal of walking over hills, the true stopped near some large grounds inclosing a handsome house and stable. The man first approached and applied for work at the kitchen-door. He took the servant's refusal coolly, and made leisurely observations before he rejoined his confederates. Then the boy, with takey at his heels, went to the kitchen-door and begged for something to cat. He got it and made his observations, also. Casey was carnorsly affected by what he saw. He, too, appeared to be making observations, and all the way back to The water-front was so proccupied in mind that he narrowly escaped being run over half a dozen times; a carefessness which carned him several hearty kicks from the man.

In view of Casey's career, it is probable that is absenced actions were as much promitted by

In view of Casey's career, it is probable that his subsequent actions were as much prompted by a desire to revenge those kicks and other slights and insults, as by any worther motive.

Lete that night the same trio walked to the big house over the hills.

Refore they started out the man and boy ate a big supper and had pienty to drink, but Casey went hungry.

It was so dark and forgy that Casey had some tip by to great the same triangle.

trouble to recall the exact lay of the ground, after the boy had entered the house through a window and the man through the kitchen-door, after the boy had entered the house through a window and the man through the kitchen-door, opened by the boy. Casey was cold, sore from the kicking, and hangry. He had been doing some hard thinking, and when everything was quiet in the direction of the house, he suddenly arrived at a conclasion, which may be attributed, according as you judge Casey, to a quickened conscience, or a desire for food, shelter, and such tokens of regard as are not expressed by hobmailed shoes. He stole softly around to the cartiage-doors of the barn and found a small entrance cut out of the bottom. Then Casey knew he had not been dreaming that afternoon, as he was half afraid might be the case. He found his way—easily enough now—to the coachman's room upstairs. When that amazed man had responded to Casey's persisfent togging at the bed-clothes, and made a light, he was a little frightened to identify his awakener as the runt he supposed he had drowned; there was no mistaking that curious marking over the eyes; 'assey had little difficulty in urging the coachman to a quiet in spection of the kitchen-door and window, and then waited contentedly when the coachman as quietly departed for help. When it came—two officers—Casey signalled his companions ran plump into the officers' arms and were nicely handcuffed together, the joke seemed to strike Casey with fresh force, for his barking was numistakably iovful, and it broke into a very lysteria of mirth when the aroused housekeeper caught him in her arms and evelatined: "Lord love us; it's Rolle." Casey's basi experience in fighting for life on the water-front gives him an advantage in war-

arms and exclaimed: "Lord love us! it's Rollo!
Casey's bard experience in lighting for life on
the water-front gives him an advantage in warfare which he turns to sweet purposes. He not
only frequently thrashes his brothers and sisters
for the slightest lapses from conduct denoting a
proper pride of birth, but occasionally whips his
father and mother if he notices any inclination
on their part to neglect those marks of respect
due to his own unselfish and noble performance.